

ONLY A WORD.

Only a word, a little winged word,
Blown through the busy town,
Lighter than thistle-down,
Lighter than dust by roving bee or bird,
Brushed from the blossoming lily's golden crown;
Home idly here and there,
Of the summer air
About men's doors the sunny stillness stirred.
Only a word!
But sharp, oh sharper than a two-edged sword
To pierce and sting and scar
The heart whose peace a breath of blame could mar.
Only a word, a little word that fell
Unheeded as the dew
That from the darkling blue
Of summer midnight softly steals, to tell
Its tale of sinning brook and star-lit dell
In yonder nook and street,
Where, pale with dust and heat,
The little widow flower in workman's cell
Uplifts to greet the kiss it knows so well;
A word—a drop of dew!
But oh, its touch could life's last hope renew.

The Captain's Daughter.

"No," said I, "you shall have him."
"Oh, pa!" said she, "but I love him so—I love him so dearly."
"I don't care," said I, "A common sailor like that, and then she beloveth and wiped her eyes, as might have been expected of a girl.
My girl was a beauty, and she was the only one I had—the only one I ever loved. I owned a boat, and I was known everywhere as Captain Parker, of the Sancy Jane, and all I had Jennie would have some day; and was it likely I'd give her to Jack Blaze, as he was before the mast? No!
Well, I set my foot down, and supposed the girl would obey. But, lo and behold! what should I see one day when I came home from the river but a couple of people swinging on my gate!
It was Jack Blaze and Jennie, and his arm was around her waist.
I bolted in between 'em like a shell, and I ordered Jennie to her room, and I ordered Jack away, and I told him what would happen if I saw him swinging on my gate again.
"If you weren't her father, sir," said Jack, "I'd not bear such words from you; but, as it is, and you're an old man—"
With that I fired a flower pot at him and called him a confounded mutineer, and he staggered off.
"Jennie," says I, "I don't want you—your old father has done well by you, and what have you done by him? I've taught you to play the piano, or had you taught which is the same thing, and you've got one. You dress in silks, and I keep a servant for you, and I've got you down in my will for all I shall leave, and how do you use me? While I'm away following the water you mutiny. Now, I'm sorry to punish you. I don't leave you alone, and I'll look up the house and take you along with me on my trips. The cabin is comfortable and you'll not suffer, and if you don't like it you shall lump it. Keeping company with a fellow like that! Ugh!"
"But he's cross, papa," said Jennie.
"I'd like to go with him. As for Jack, he's the best fellow I know, and I'll keep company with no one else; but if you don't like it yet I'll wait."
"Wait!" says I. "Wait! Why, if I wanted you to marry, Jennie, there's the captain of a steamer to let me last week. I'd the prettiest daughter of any man he knew, and that he was tired of single life. The captain of a steamer, Jennie, think of that!"
"I don't believe he's as nice as Jack," said Jennie; "and I love Jack."
Then I shook her. I'm sorry to say I shook her, and the next day I had her trunk sent down to the boat and took her under my arm to the same place.
The cabin was good enough for a queen, and the little stateroom a picture, and she seemed to like it.
You'd have thought I was giving her a treat instead of punishing her.
She used to sit out on deck all the fine days, with knitting and sewing, or a book, and she sang to me evenings.
But she didn't give up, not even when she saw the captain—six feet three; handsome as a picture.
No, she stuck to Jack, and I stuck out against him as stiff as she, and so we sailed up and down the river, and Summer went and Autumn came, and Winter was a coming, but my girl was obstinate as ever.
It was my last trip.
All Winter, after the river was frozen, the Sancy Jane lay at the dock.
"If you were a good, obedient girl," said I, "I shouldn't have looked you up; but as it is I must."
So I kissed her—I was glad to remember afterward that I kissed her—and I victualled the cabin, and locked the door, and put the key in my pocket, and off I went.
I had to go a distance out of town, and when I settled my business, I dined, and it was evening before I got back to the Sancy Jane, or, rather, to Poplartown, where she lay.
I thought to myself, as I came down, that I had never seen the place so busy, but as I neared the dock, I saw that something had happened.
There was a crowd there, and people were talking and shaking their heads, and somehow I couldn't see the smoke-stack of the Sancy Jane peer through the shadows as I might, nor the red and green lights at her head, nor any sign of her, and a great fear crept into my heart, and I began to shake and shiver.
"It's only the fog," said I; but there was no fog.
"It's dark," said I, but the darker it was the brighter the lights would have shone out.
Then all trembling and shaking like an old man—like my old grandfather, who had the palsy, used to do, I remember thinking—I caught hold of a man who was passing and said:
"Look here, man, what's the matter? What's the crowd about? What's happened?"
"It's the little steamboat down there," said the men; "the Sancy Jane. She's been run into and sunk by a coal boat. She went down in thirty minutes. The captain was away there say, and the men went on a spree. Only the cabin boy was there; they picked him up. You can just see her smoke-stack above the water. The coal boat was hurt a bit, too. She's lying out there."
"Oh, my God!" said I. "My daughter!"

Then I didn't know what happened, but I found myself in the doctor's ship pretty soon and a crowd about me, and heard some one saying softly:
"His daughter was aboard. She went down with the boat."
"I looked her in!" said I. "Wretched old brute that I am! I looked her in that cabin; I murdered her—I, her father! The door was locked and the windows small, and I looked her in to drown like a rat!"
Then I went off again, and it was all a horrible dream, until I awoke to find it was night, and I was alone in bed, and I saw a man sitting beside me.
"Who is this?" I asked, not recognizing him.
"It's Jack Blaze, Captain. Do you find yourself better?"
"Do you think I want to be better," I said. "I want to die and go to Jennie, I murdered her."
"No, no, Captain," said Jack softly to me. "You looked her up from her true love as loved her, but you didn't know what was coming."
"Oh, if I could die this minute," said I. "Jack, if you have a pistol put it to my head. My little girl."
"Well, she is safe from marrying me, Captain," said Jack. "I suppose that's a comfort to you."
"Oh, Jack," said I. "Oh, Jack Blaze, if my Jennie could come to life again, there's nothing I'd deny her. She might marry a chimney-sweep, and I'd give her my blessing, and I would not care if she knew nothing against me, but that he's what I was thirty years ago. Oh, Jack, if Jennie could come back to life, I'd give her to you and be happy; but it's no use, she's drowned."
"Captain," said Jack Blaze, bending over me. "I don't feel sure of that."
"El!" said I.
"To be sure," said he, "if she was in the cabin, locked up as you left her, she'd have drowned certainly; but she mayn't have been."
"Indeed," said Jack, "I know she wasn't."
"Oh, Lord, help me! Don't torture me," said I.
"She wasn't," said Jack, "for fifteen minutes after you left I went aboard, burst open the door—there was no one there but the cabin boy—and took her out. We went to the cabin together and we had a lovely day. The Sancy Jane's cabin was stove in; the coalboat walked straight into the cabin, and it's God's mercy I took her out."
Then I heard a dear sweet voice, crying out:
"Jack, open the door; let me come to papa."
I hadn't cried before since I was flogged at school, but I cried like a baby then, and how could I help it? For Jennie had come out of the grave, as it seemed to me, and was holding my head in her arms, and kissing me, and calling me her darling.
"I was so happy I thought I should never see you again," said she, "but I did. I never remembered that I had lost the Sancy Jane until the next morning, though the boat was the very apple of my eye.
I own another now, and Jack and I take her up and down the river.
Jennie goes with us very often, for she married Jack Blaze last Christmas, and I like the lad—yes, I like him almost as well as Jennie does.
"But he's cross, papa," said Jennie.
"I'd like to go with him. As for Jack, he's the best fellow I know, and I'll keep company with no one else; but if you don't like it yet I'll wait."
"Wait!" says I. "Wait! Why, if I wanted you to marry, Jennie, there's the captain of a steamer to let me last week. I'd the prettiest daughter of any man he knew, and that he was tired of single life. The captain of a steamer, Jennie, think of that!"
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"Oh, my God!" said I. "My daughter!"

Gen. Forrest's Game of Poker.
Several years ago General Forrest visited Nashville, and stopped at the old City Hotel. That night several gentlemen called to see him, among them a gentleman now connected with the Banner. The room had been crowded during the early part of the night, and Forrest had received the usual attention bestowed on him. Now, however, he was sitting off by himself, and appeared worn and tired out. Our informant, wishing to have a talk with him about himself, sought him and entered into conversation with him.
"General," says he, "I've heard you were a great poker player in your time."
"Yes," says the general, "I have played poker," and his eyes began to sparkle with the memory of old times, and he at once seemed interested in the subject, for he it known that no one was fonder of recounting his wonderful exploits.
"How much, general, was the largest stake you ever played?"
"I once called \$48,000 in New Orleans."
"Oh, yes! I won it."
"What was your hand, general?"
"It was three kings."
"But," says he, "the hardest game I ever played was at Memphis. Just after the war closed me and my wife went to Memphis, and stopped at the Wortham House. The next morning we got our things together, and I emptied all of my papers out of my trunk on the floor, and Mary, (I'm not certain his wife's name was Mary, but that will do for the tale) went over and over them, hunting for something to raise money out of. I emptied my pockets and Mary emptied hers, and between us we had \$7.30. After hunting over everything we found that every man who owed us was either dead or broke. I had not one single paper on which I could raise a cent out of."
"After we got through the pile I looked at Mary and Mary looked at me. 'Now what's to be done, Mary,' says I. 'I don't know,' says she, 'but the Lord will provide.' You see, Mary was one of the best women in the world, and she had a heap of faith in her religion. I looked at her straight for a long time, and at last says: 'Mary, you are a mighty good woman, and I'm going to tell you something. There's to be a big dinner at—this evening, and I've invited. They always play poker at that house, and you have always been agin me, and I reckon you are right about it. But things have become desperate with us, and somehow I feel if you wouldn't be agin me, but would pray for me, I could make a raise to-night.'
"Says she: 'Bedford, I can't do it. It's wrong for you to do it, and I'd heap rather you wouldn't.'
"But Mary," says I, "I never was in such a fix before. Here we are with no money but \$7.30, and that won't pay our tavern bill. I can't lose no more than that for I swear I won't bet on a card. If I lose, I'll have something to start on."
"Well, I argued and argued with her, but she wouldn't say yes. But at last she says:
"Bedford, I know your mind is set on it, and I know you are going to bet, whether I am willing or not; so I won't say nothing more about it."
"But, somehow, I felt when I started that she was for me, and I just knew how I'd come out."
"Well, I went sometime before dinner, and sure enough, they were at it. They had three tables—one had a quarter ante, one a half, and one a dollar and a half. I wanted my seven dollars to last as long as I could make it, so I set down to the quarter table. We bet on until dinner, and after we had eat, I sat down to the dollar-and-a-half table. Sometimes I won, and then again I'd lose on until about midnight, and then I had better stop. I knew I was setting up and praying: I felt like it, and it made me cool. I set my hat down by my side on the floor, and every time I'd win I'd drop the money in the hat. We played on, and I didn't know how much I'd won. I didn't keep any count, but I thought I was winning.
"It might have been a hundred dollars, or maybe two hundred dollars, but I didn't know. I set there until day broke and then we went home. I took my hat up in both hands and mashed it on my head and went home without taking it off. When I got to my room there sat Mary in her gown, and the bed wasn't made. She'd set up all night waiting for me. She was tired and anxious, and though she looked mighty hard at me she didn't say a word. I walked right up to her, and pulling off my hat with both hands I emptied it all right in her gown. And then we set down and counted it.
"How much was there, general?"
"Just fifteen hundred dollars even."
"And that," added the general, as he walked off, "gave me a start."

Good Housekeeping.
In the first place, the thorough housekeeper feels that the successful management of her domestic duties requires much thought and attention. She is, therefore, quick willing to expend some brain power upon it. Now, suppose we set aside one hour each morning, and decide to devote that entirely to our house. Let the ladder first be visited, and the ways and means for the day's food be well considered before the orders are given; and then, if possible, let the orders be final. Do not consider it at all derogatory to be seen studying a cookery book; we must be very perfect if we can learn nothing from other sources. Endeavor to have a change of food, and also a variety in the way of serving it—in short, study your daily dinner. Have a book up-stairs in which you enter all the orders and quantities which should be given to the tradespeople each day, and should the cook order extra or different things, let her understand that you intend to be the dispenser of your own income. A good housekeeper will have some plan in her mind for the week's food. She will know when the cook should have sufficient stock to make soup; and every housewife will soon find how expecting the soup to be made, and explaining how it must be done, will form the habit of having it done. Our servants are very much what we make them, and it has been the lazy and inefficient system of housekeeping has degenerated into that has made servants what they are. In factories and workshops, the foreman or forewoman exercises constant supervision over the workpeople; so also should our servants be looked after. After the kitchen is attended to, walk up stairs and see if the rest of the work is properly carried on. Probably you have given some order, see if it has been executed as you wish. This general supervision will be ten times more effectual than the usual fault finding by fits and starts—a grand row now and then, when both mistress and maid lose the control of their tempers, and which probably ends in notice to quit being given from one side to the other. Lastly, pay your bills yourself; it brings you into contact with your tradespeople; it lets you know more fully the current prices of articles. Now, your hour's time well employed, and done to the best of your ability, dismiss the subject from your mind. Do not be worrying over dinners and servants all day, always bemoaning shortcomings; reckon you are right about it. But things have become desperate with us, and somehow I feel if you wouldn't be agin me, but would pray for me, I could make a raise to-night."
"Says she: 'Bedford, I can't do it. It's wrong for you to do it, and I'd heap rather you wouldn't.'
"But Mary," says I, "I never was in such a fix before. Here we are with no money but \$7.30, and that won't pay our tavern bill. I can't lose no more than that for I swear I won't bet on a card. If I lose, I'll have something to start on."
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John Randolph Vanquished.
John Randolph was not always victor in the petty discords of the neighborhood. He was vanquished once, on a field of his own selection, by a quiet, resolute neighbor; and he confessed himself, not in so many words, but by his actions, as beaten at his own game. The locality must be described: The land of Mr. H. lay broadly between Bushy Park and the courthouse, and the land of Bushy Park lay as broadly between the residence of Mr. H. and the mill. There were two roads to the courthouse, for Mr. Randolph; one, the longer and worse, was the stage road from the courthouse to the river; the other, shorter and better, through the lands of Mr. H. There were two roads to the mill for Mr. H.; the shorter and better one through Bushy Park, and the stage road to the river, and then along its low, flat and muddy banks to the mill. These private roads had been open and free from time.
One morning the mill boy returned to the house and informed Mr. H. that the old way to the mill was cut off. Mr. Randolph had erected a strong post and rail fence across the road, and there was no opening in the fence on either side for a long distance. Everybody went to mill, and everybody soon found out the fact of the fence in the way. The one conclusion of all was the same. It was one of Mr. Randolph's freaks. Beyond, and deeper in the woods than the private road to the mill, was the private road to the courthouse. When on the next court day Mr. Randolph passed out of the woods on his own premises into those of Mr. H. he was confronted with a fence ten rails high, with stakes and riders at every panel—a formidable obstacle in his way, and extending right and left as far as the eye could reach. He took in the situation, and, as he was alone, it is not known that he made any remarks, or whether they were sharp pointed or not. Months passed away. The situation was not changed. Incoherent, trouble, exasperation grew and multiplied as the time lengthened. Late one morning Mr. Randolph, just arrived, riding across the courtyard, met Mr. H., and checking his horse, leaning over the saddle, said, with a courteous bow: "Mr. A., if you'll let me go to court I'll let you go to mill."
"Certainly," Mr. Randolph, with pleasure. "Yes, sir, and I'll end it."
In a few days, strong, wide gates, over each road, swung freely to every one who had occasion to go through in either direction.
How to Deal with Rats.
We clean our premises of these detestable vermin by making a white-wash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters of the cellar with a thick coat of it. In every crevice where a rat might tread we smear the corners of the floor. The same result is a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a foot-fall of either rats or mice has been heard about the house. Every spring a coat of the yellow wash is given to the cellar, as a purifier as well as a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, dysentery, or fever attacks the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood by leaving fruits and vegetables uncovered in the cellar; and sometimes even the soap-scrapers are left open for their regalement. Cover up everything eatable in the cellar and pantry, and you will soon starve them out.

Bertha and the Ocean.
When Bertha looked from the windows of her home she could see the ocean shining, darkening and moving restlessly under the sun, the clouds and the wind.
Bertha little knew of the sorrow the ocean had created. To her it was a joyful mystery. Who put the great water there? Why did it whirl, dance, frown and smile along the beach and never go to sleep like little girls? These were questions Bertha asked herself and could not answer.
It brought her fine gifts, too, of pearls and shells and trailing sea-weed, and traced rare curves and delicate markings along the sand.
Bertha's mother used to sit by the window sewing, and once in a long while her hands would rest idly in her lap and her eyes looked far away over the rolling waves.
Then Bertha would leave her play and nestle close by her mother's side and ask her many questions, and chief among them whether her father could be and why he never came home; but her mother only answered, still looking at the waves, that father had gone away in a far country, she thought, and so it was not long before Bertha noticed, or rather felt, that her mother never noticed at the sea.
It was a lonely shore where Bertha lived, and she used to play about a great deal, talking sweetly to herself all the time.
Bertha was a queer little girl. Often she sat down in a sheltered nook, secure among the rocks, and wished there was some one to play with her. But there was no one. Often in the quiet afternoons she had long dreams about her father, who went away in a great ship, and whose face she could just remember.
From her place among the rocks she could see far away along the coast, a little village where there were white houses and a port, and once in a while a sail would grow slowly out from the silent horizon and glide gently towards that village harbor.
"All the ships go in there," said Bertha, one day. "Perhaps my father will come that way. I must go and see if he don't right away this minute."
Without thinking how frightened her mother would be or how long it would take her to reach the village, she ran swiftly away over the hot and shining sand.
For a long time she walked, and her feet began to ache and her heart to sink within her, for the village seemed further away than ever before.
The sun went behind a cloud, and the waves instead of dancing joyfully as when she started, now seemed to shout as they rolled in upon the shore. "Go back, return," over and over again. But when she looked back, her home was not to be seen.
She was lost, and in her mind's eye she saw her mother running among the rocks very white and frightened, calling, "Bertha, where are you?" The village, distant as it was, seemed to be calling her, and she should do, she saw a bearded man approaching her. As soon as he reached her he put his great brown hand gently upon her shoulder, and said, very kindly:—"My little lass, what is the trouble?"
"I am lost," said Bertha.
"Lost, you mean," said the stranger smiling. "And how came you so? What is your name?"
"Why don't you know?" she said.
"Bertha. I was going to find my papa, because I and mamma be all alone and papa has been away a dreadful long time, such a long time I think he never will know the way back if I don't find him and show him where we live. I don't look at that big white bird out there! But I'm afraid I can't find my papa now. Do you know where?"
Bertha stopped talking suddenly. The stranger was pressing her in his arms so close she could not speak, and there were tears in his eyes.
"I will take you home little one," he said huskily.
"Has you got a cold?" said Bertha; "cause you don't talk right and plain like I do."
When Bertha and the stranger entered the cottage her mother gave a great cry.
That night the waves upon the beach had hushed Bertha to sleep before she could believe she had really found her father at last.
Fifteen Rules for the Table.
When you go to the table take your seat quietly and do not commence to eat until all your friends are served.
Do not eat fast.
Do not shovel your food into your mouth with your knife, but eat with a fork and cut your food with your knife.
If you are asked to part of anything you must state it. If you do not the person waiting on you does not know what to give you.
Do not rest your elbows on the table.
If a plate is passed to you keep it, and do not pass it all around the table. The person who waits on you does not know who to pass the next to.
Do not make the drinking from cup or spoon a vocal exercise.
Do not heap your plate with what you cannot eat.
If anything is wrong with something you are eating, do not speak about it or show it to anybody, but get rid of it as quietly and quickly as possible.
Do not catch hold of knife, fork, or spoon with the whole hand with a grip like a lobster's, but hold them easily and in the right position.
When you pass your plate for more food, rest your knife and fork against either your butter plate or saucer.
Do not reach for butter with your own knife, but use the butter knife.
Do not pour coffee or tea into a saucer to cool.
Do not blow anything to cool it.
Do not leave the table while anybody is eating without asking to be excused.
A River of Ink.
In Algeria there is a river of genuine ink. It is formed by the union of two streams, one coming from the region of ferocious soil, the other draining a peat swamp. The water of the former is strongly impregnated with iron, that of the latter with gallic acid. When the two waters mingle the acid of the one unites with the iron of the other, forming a true ink.
All useless misery is certainly folly, and he that feels evils before they come may be deservedly censured, yet surely to dread the future is more reasonable than to dwell on the past.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.
Few men are quite fit to live.
When the moon gets full it keeps late hours.
The oldest verse in existence—the Universe.
Ignorance has no light; error follows a false one.
There is no grief like the grief which does not speak.
He who blackens others does not whiten himself.
It is a good sign when a man is glad that God see him.
A fine coat may cover a fool, but never conceals one.
Ignorance is a subject for pity, not laughter.
A knowledge of mankind is necessary to acquire prudence.
Darkness, solitude and remorse are a grim and hateful company.
The test of moral character is no infirmity but recuperative power.
Often a reserve that hides a bitter humiliation seems to be haughtiness.
A great experience transforms. We must even be more or less than our old selves.
When a human mind gets down to a deep in a rut of thinking it is hard to lift it out.
Flowers sweeten the air, rejoice the eye, link us with nature and innocence, and are something to love.
This is the present reward of virtuous conduct—that no unlucky consequence can obligate us to regret it.
Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless, and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.
It is so hard for us to understand why our friends do not feel our wrongs so poignantly as we do.
The improved and pious way of gossiping is to sweeten scandal with the treacle of homilizing inference.
Nothing in all this social universe is so utterly thrown away and trodden under foot as a dishonored woman.
Hero making is a woman's work; even your sensible and practical woman must take to hero making sooner or later.
Envy and malice are devils that drive possessed souls into the contemplation of that which aggravates their madness.
The metaphysics of salvation are not so much consequences as one is engaged in the practice of actually saving men.
It is one of the advantages of women that not pretending to be logical, they can change front on the instant, when they see fit.
There is a safe ground for a good sound preacher, but to attack ancient wickedness and the sins and superstitions of foreign countries, he who sees evil in prospect meets it on the way; but he who catches it by retrospection, turns back to find it.
The humble man, though surrounded with the scorn and reproach of the world, is still in peace, for the stability of his peace restest not upon the world but only God.
He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth will proceed by loving his own sect and in loving better than Christianity, and end in loving his opinions best of all.
Knowledge cannot be acquired without pain and application. It is troublesome, and like digging for pure waters, but, when once you come to the spring, it rises up to meet you.
It is better that joy should be spread over all the day in the form of strength, than that it should be concentrated into ecstasies full of danger, and followed by reactions.
There are treasures laid up in the heart—treasures of charity, piety, temperance and sobriety. These treasures a man takes with him beyond death, when he leaves this world.
A man's nature is best perceived in privation; for there is no affectation; it is passion, for that putteth a man out from his precepts, and the former will work hard to secure the admission of the latter, in which it generally succeeds.
Women govern us; let us try to render them more perfect. The more they are enlightened, so much the more we shall be. On the cultivation of the minds of women, depends the wisdom of man.
Make up your mind what you intend to do. Sit down and count the cost. Do not undertake more than you can perform. It is unwise to commence work that you are not able to finish in due season.
Oh, how full of error is the judgment of mankind! They wonder at results when they are ignorant of the reasons. They call it fortune when they know not the cause, and thus worship their own ignorance turned into a deity.
Let those who are appointed to judge of the character of others bear in mind their own imperfections, and rather strive by sympathy to soften the pang arising from a conviction of guilt, than by misrepresentation to increase it.
Vice is very prolific. A lie hates to be alone, and must have company. He who tells one lie is sure to tell another to cover up the first, and a third to cover up the other two. After that he becomes accustomed to it, and stops counting.
Make use of time, if thou lovest eternity; know yesterday cannot be recalled, to-morrow cannot be assured; to-day is only thine; which, if thou procrastinate, thou loost; which is lost forever. One to-day is worth two to-morrows.
A farmer likes a field that is filled with corn, not one that grows with resplendent poppies; he likes grass that is pure grass, fit for the service of the beast upon the hills, not that which is mixed with buttercups. So when we go to the sanctuary it is not flowers we want, to be a bouquet of beauty, but food to sustain our souls and strengthen us for the toils and trials of the week, that a farmer

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL
Is published every Thursday, in Musser's Building, corner of Main and Penn streets at
\$5.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE
Or \$1.25 if not paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 week.	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 year.
1 square.....	\$1.00	\$2.50	\$7.00	\$12.00	\$20.00
1 column.....	3.00	6.00	6.00	10.00	15.00
1 column.....	5.00	7.50	10.00	15.00	25.00
1 column.....	8.00	12.00	20.00	35.00	60.00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices \$2.50. Transient advertisements and books 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Job Work done on short notice.

WALTER & DEININGER,

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.
Rev. C. F. Deisinger, Preacher-in-charge.—
Preaching next Sunday morning, German.
Sunday School, 2 P. M.—D. L. Zerby, supt.
Methodist.
Rev. W. R. Whitney, Preacher-in-charge.—
Preaching next Sunday evening.
Sunday School, 1 P. M.—D. Kimport, supt.
Reformed.
Rev. J. G. Shoemaker, Pastor.—
Communion services in Salem church next Sunday morning.
United Brethren.
Rev. John Landis, Preacher-in-charge.—
Sunday School, 9 A. M.—B. O. Deininger, supt.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 983, I. O. O. F. meets in their hall, Penn street, every Saturday evening.
R. A. BULLMAN, Sec. C. W. HARTMAN, N. G.
Providence Grange, 27 P. O. H. I. meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 6 P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 8 P. M.
D. L. ZERBY, Sec.
The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
F. P. OTTO, Sec.
The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Penn street school house on Monday and Thursday evenings.
F. P. OTTO, Sec.
The Millheim Quartet of Co. R, 5th Regt., N. G., hold their drill meeting on the second story of Alexander's Block, every Tuesday and Friday evening.

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR TREASURER,
HON. DANIEL O. BARR,
OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY.

Democratic County Ticket.

County Commissioner—JOHN SHANNON.
Coroner—DR. JOSEPH ADAMS.

Democratic County Convention.

[From the Watchman.]

After the second ballot L. A. Shaffer withdrew the name of Daniel Lesh; on the third ballot the name of W. Marks was withdrawn under the rules. On the fourth ballot John Shannon, Esq., having received a majority of all the votes cast, was declared nominated. On motion, the nomination was made unanimous.

Drs. Jos. Adams and P. S. Fisher were then named for Coroner. A letter of declination from Dr. Fisher was read, when on motion of Jas. A. McClain, Dr. Jos. Adams of Milesburg, was nominated by acclamation.

The Convention next proceeded to the election of Chairman of the County Committee. J. N. Cassanova nominated J. L. Spangler, of Bellefonte. There being no other nominations, on motion of Geo. R. Barrett, Esq., the election was made by acclamation. J. L. Spangler was then called upon and delivered a brief and pointed speech, returning thanks to the Convention, and pledging himself to a faithful discharge of the duties that will devolve upon him.

Hon. Fred Kurtz and J. N. Cassanova, Esq., being nominated for delegates to the next State Convention, on motion, they were elected by acclamation. J. C. Harper, Jas. A. McClain and G. R. Barrett, were elected Senatorial Conferees, after which the committee on resolutions retired to deliberate. After consultation the committee, through its chairman, Mr. Bower, offered the following resolutions:

RESOLUTIONS.
The Democratic party of Centre county, by its delegates in convention assembled, resolves,
1st. That we endorse the platform adopted by the Democratic State Convention as a correct exposition of the principles and purposes of the Democratic party of Pennsylvania.
2nd. That in Daniel O. Barr the Democracy of Pennsylvania have a candidate for the important office of State Treasurer entitled to public confidence and worthy of popular support. In an eminent degree he embodies the Jeffersonian ideal of substantial citizenship, and his election, in the words of the resolution of the convention that placed him in nomination, will preserve the commonwealth from any repetition of the systematic embezzlements of interest and other spoliation which marked the last and scandalous career of the Republican treasury ring.

3d. That the finding of the Electoral Commission which deprived the people of their rightful seat as Executive of the nation, was a blow at free, elective government which deserves and should receive the just condemnation of all honest men, and common justice demands that Samuel J. Tilden should once again receive the nomination of the Democratic party for the Presidency in 1880.

4th. That we recommend to the Hon. William A. Wallace a statesman of commanding ability and usefulness. As one of our representatives in the Senate of the United States we most heartily commend him for his labors and his election, in the words of the resolution of the convention that placed him in nomination, will preserve the commonwealth from any repetition of the systematic embezzlements of interest and other spoliation which marked the last and scandalous career of the Republican treasury ring.

5th. That we approve and endorse the general course of our Representatives at Harrisburg, the Hon. C. F. Alexander, in the Senate, and the Hon. J. E. Geary, in the House, during the late session of the State Legislature. In an atmosphere of corruption and unscrupulousness to defame the legislation of the State, no stain of suspicion or reproach discomfited them. Honest where many were venal, they stood firm and true, and their conduct was a model for all faithful servants.

6th. That we believe that at the general election, held November 5, 1878, Hon. Andrew G. Curtin received a majority of all the legal votes cast for the office of Representative in Congress from the 25th district of Pennsylvania; and that he was therefore duly elected to the said office. And we most heartily endorse his course in contesting the right of his opponent to a seat in the 66th Congress.

7th. That as the most efficient way of disseminating a knowledge of Democratic principles and the best preparation for the Presidential campaign of 1880, we recommend the increased circulation of Democratic newspapers.

8th. That we recommend to the voters of the county the ticket this day nominated, as one in all respects worthy of their support.
On motion of Mr. Bower they were adopted by the convention.
The convention called on Senator Alexander, who delivered one of his most effective and pleasing addresses, which was greeted with much applause.
On motion the convention then adjourned.

A Strange Disease in Georgia.

ATLANTA, Sept. 10.—A strange and fatal disease of the malarious fever type is creating consternation among the people in three or four counties in the western part of this State. Out of fifty three persons attacked within the past three weeks only three have recovered. The disease has some characteristics of typhoid fever, but is more rapid and fatal. The tongue swells until the mouth cannot be closed, the victim chokes and blood breaks from the ears, eyes and nostrils. The body is covered with large black spots as death approaches. The disease is spreading without appearing to be contagious, and there seems to be no way to check it. No local cause can be assigned for it. The people are panic-stricken. Physicians from this point will go to the troubled district.—*Courier Journal.*

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CHOSING REFEREES BEFORE JUSTICES.—By an act passed by the last Legislature, it is provided that all actions brought before a Justice of the peace, when both parties desire to submit the case to referees, and if either party or their agents shall fail to agree upon the choice of referees, then the Justice shall write down seven names of disinterested citizens of the township, ward or borough, where such action is brought, from which list the parties, commencing with the plaintiff, shall strike out alternately until there shall be three names left, and they shall constitute the referees.

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Applications for Pardon Denied.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Sept. 18.—Twenty-nine applications for pardon were refused to-day among them the appeals of O'Neill and McManus, the Northumberland County Mollie Maguires, who murdered Coroner Hesser in 1874; Andrew Tracy, the McKean County murderer and John S. Morton, the Philadelphia forger, and ex-President of the Market Street Railway.

At sheriff's sale, at the court house in Lewisburg, on the 13th inst., the following properties were disposed of to the parties and at the prices named:
Farm of Hon. Wm. F. Wilson, \$6,000; purchaser, Jane M. Wilson.
Woodland of Hon. Wm. F. Wilson, \$600; purchaser, Jane M. Wilson.
House and lot of Hon. Wm. F. Wilson in Hartleton, \$850; purchaser, Jane M. Wilson.—*Millburg Telegraph.*

The Democratic convention of Massachusetts was held at Springfield in that State on the 15th inst., and nominated Gen. B. F. Butler, for Governor. He is now the candidate for the Democracy and Greenbackers and his chances of success are not entirely hopeless.

Democrats, see that your taxes are paid on or before Nov. 4th, else somebody might challenge your vote. Don't run any risks.

Odd Fellows in Council.

Fifty-fifth Annual Session of the Grand Lodge at Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 15.—The Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. assembled in its fifty-fifth annual session, at 9 o'clock this morning, at Odd Fellows' Hall, John B. Harmon, Grand Sire, presiding. Representatives were present from all State, Territorial and Provincial Jurisdictions. The Grand Sire, Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer presented their reports, from which it appears the present number of grand lodges is 50—an increase of 2 during the year; subordinate lodges, 6,975—an increase, 97; grand encampments, 39—same as last year; subordinate encampments, 1,833—an increase, 25; lodge initiations, 22,860—decrease, 2,277; lodge members, 412, 201—decrease, 5,728; encampment members, 82,498—decrease, 2,379; total relief, \$1,740,405.68—an increase, \$35, 138.97; total revenue, \$4,266,981.52—decrease, \$156,065.33. During the year 42,503 brothers and 6,155 widowed families were relieved, \$237,437 week's benefits were paid, and 4,368 brothers buried. The amount paid for the relief of brothers was \$1,043,791.13; for widowed families, \$145,085.51; for the education of orphans, \$14,755.33; for burying the dead, \$242,980.19; for special relief, \$94,201.40. The total receipts of the Grand Lodge, including a cash balance of \$10,661 on hand at the close of the previous fiscal year, have been \$4,466,469.49, and the total disburse \$3,797,312, leaving a cash balance of \$11,495.17. Deducting the cash balance on hand and the amount received from the sale of United States bonds, the revenue proper for the fiscal year was \$30,664.18, and deducting from the disbursements the amount invested in the purchase of United States bonds, the expenses proper were \$29,382.50, leaving a balance of the revenue proper of \$1,281.61 at the close of the year.

Various routine business was presented and referred to the appropriate committees, after which the lodge adjourned till to-morrow morning.

A VETERAN GONE.—Hon. Philip Ruhl, of Buffalo township, died on Wednesday last week, aged 89 years, 4 months and 12 days. Deceased was a soldier of the War of 1812, and was a prominent local politician in his day, his worth and services being recognized in his election to represent this district in the Legislature two or three years.

The Republican party of which he was an honored and useful member, also elected him to fill the office of Associate Judge—the duties of which he performed faithfully, honestly, and bravely—and the same may be said of his years, he has been called upon to claim the reward of the faithful. The funeral took place on Friday last, which was largely attended. Revs. Anspach, Grier and Heiser being the officiating ministers.—*Millburg Telegraph.*

The population of the State of Kansas is increasing at a rate that is marvelous. The population in 1870 was 379,497, and it is believed that in 1880 it will be not less than one million. The total area in all farm crops is 7,757,130 acres—an increase during the past year of 1,340,614 acres. During the past three years the number of hogs has nearly trebled, the number of sheep has more than doubled, the number of horses has increased fifty-one per cent., and of milch cows forty-six per cent. It is claimed that fully fifty thousand persons have arrived in the State since the first of March. These figures, collected by the State Board of Agriculture, show that Kansas is a great and growing State. Yet a quarter of a century has not passed since Kansas was the scene of the sanguinary border warfare in which "Ossawatimie" Brown acquired a world-wide reputation.—*N. Y. Sun.*

By a ruling of the Post office department at Washington, much matter that heretofore was first-class and cost three cents for each half ounce postage is now admitted at third class rates, that is one cent for two ounces. The matter included under the above cheaper rates of postage embraces bills of merchandise, way bills, bills of lading, invoices, mortgages, deeds, papers of legal procedure, insurance policies and various documents of insurance companies, hand bills, posters, chromos, lithographs, photographs, stereoscopic views, printed cards, printed blanks and, in fact everything that does not partake of the nature of a personal correspondence.

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Democrats, see that your taxes are paid on or before Nov. 4th, else somebody might challenge your vote. Don't run any risks.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.—Will be sold at public sale, on the premises, and at the residence of Abraham Leber, dec'd, in Mill Creek, on Friday, the 27th day of October, A. D. 1879, A No. 1 Farm near the town of Ansbury, lands of John Kremer, S. K. Faust and others containing 163 acres and 143 perches, about 100 acres cleared, the balance well timbered; thereon erected a good Dwelling House, bank barn and all other necessary outbuildings. The buildings and fences are in good condition, and the land in a high state of cultivation. This is one of the finest farms in the vicinity of Ansbury, and is well adapted for farming in brush valley, convenient in all respects and of easy access to the rail road. There are two orchards, one of fruit, water-pipes close to door and barn, plenty of lime stone and a fine kiln on the premises. Also three and three-fourths lots in the town of Madisonburg, thereon erected a good Dwelling House, Stable and other outbuildings; apple orchard and other necessary fruit on premises.
Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., of said day when terms will be made known.
THOMAS HOSKINMAN, Trustee.
GEORGE E. ZIEGLER, Trustee.

TRUSTEES' SALE.—Will be sold at Public Sale at the late residence of Elizabeth Holway, dec'd, in Ansbury, on Saturday, the 4th day of October, A. D. 1879, the following real estate, viz: All that certain lot or piece of ground situated in the town of Ansbury, bounded and described as follows: On the east by lot of John J. Frank, on the south by Strawberry alley, on the west by lot of J. H. Wyle, and on the north by Plum Street, thereon erected a two-story dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings.
Terms of sale: One half of the purchase money upon completion of sale, and the balance in one year thereafter with interest. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M.
JOHN H. HOLLOWAY, Trustee.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that I have taken into co-partnership Mr. L. B. Frank during from September 1st, 1879. The business of the business will be carried on, as heretofore, at the old stand in Lehighburg, where we will be happy to serve our numerous friends and customers. Thanks for past favors, we respectfully solicit the patronage of the public for the new firm. The books and accounts will remain at the old place, where all persons having open accounts are requested to call and make settlement without delay.
SAMUEL FRANK
Lehighburg, Sept. 16, 1879.

A GOOD HOME FOR SALE.—The old home estate of the late Capt. Henry Smith, situated in Pennsylvanian Mills, half a mile north of the turn-pike road, and 2 1/2 miles from the rail road, containing in all 160 acres, more or less, is now offered at private sale on reasonable terms. About 80 acres of timberland on Brush mountain, easy of access, will be sold in lots to suit purchasers. The remaining 80 acres, of which 50 acres are cleared and under cultivation, and at least as much more can be cleared, will be sold together.
There are two dwelling houses, a good bank barn and other outbuildings on the premises. A fine, never-failing spring is convenient to house and barn. A large variety of fruit—apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, grapes, &c.—are raised. The place is well adapted for a desirable home, and will be sold at a bargain to parties who will apply soon. Further particulars can be obtained on the premises. For terms apply to
Rev. S. SMITH
Buffalo X Roads, Union County, Pa.

MILLHEIM MARBLE WORKS.
Deininger & Musser PROPRIETORS.
This old and popular establishment is prepared to do all work in their line in a style equal to any in Central Pennsylvania, & at prices that are reasonable.

COUCHES, MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, of all sizes, styles and prices made on short notice.
The proprietors hope, by Strict Attention TO BUSINESS, FAIR DEALING & GOOD WORK to merit the continued confidence of their friends and patrons, and of the public at large.

Shops east of Bridge, Millheim, Pa.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN SCROLL SAW Beats the World.

J. M. BEUGLER, Sole Proprietor, WILLIAMSPORT, PA.
Send for Circulars.
HIGHEST HONORS
Centennial World's Fair, 1876!

SHONINGER ORGANS
BEST INSTRUMENTS.
Their comparative excellence is recognized by the Judges in their Report, from which the following is an extract:
"The H. SHONINGER ORGAN CO.'s exhibit is the best instrument of its kind ever exhibited, having a combination of beauty and sound, producing a rich and pleasing effect, containing many desirable improvements, well adapted for church and domestic use, and to get out of order, all the boards being three-ply, put together so it is impossible for them to become loose or damaged."
ONLY ORGANS AWARDED THIS HONOR.
This Medal and Award was granted after the most severe competition of the best makers, before one of the most competent juries ever assembled.
New Styles and prices just issued, which are in accordance with our rule, the BEST ORGAN for the least money.
We are prepared to appoint a few new Agents. Illustrated Catalogues mailed, post-paid, on application to
B. SHONINGER ORGAN CO.,
67 to 123 CHESTNUT STREET,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

STEAM POWER Threshers a Specialty. Special sizes of Separators made especially for Steam Power. OUR Unrivalled Steam Thresher Engines, both Portable and Tractor, with Valuable Improvements beyond any other make, and at low prices. THE ENTIRE Threshing Expenses (and often three to five times that amount) can be made by the use of our machines, when once put on the ground. GRAIN Raisers will not submit to the enormous waste of Grain and the inferior work done by all other machines, when once put on the ground. NOT Only Yastly Superior for Wheat, Oats, Barley, Rye, and the grain, but the only Successful Thresher in flux, Timothy, Alfalfa, Clover, and the Seeds. Requires no "attachments" or "rebuiding" to change from Grain to Seeds. IN Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish, and Perfection of Parts, Qualifications of Equipment, etc., our "Vanguard" Threshers Outdo all competitors.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO., Battle Creek, Mich. ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE "VIBRATOR" THRESHING MACHINERY.

THE Matchless Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, and Money-Saving Threshers of this day and generation. Beware of cheap imitations for Battle Creek, Mich. and for Saving Grain from Waste.

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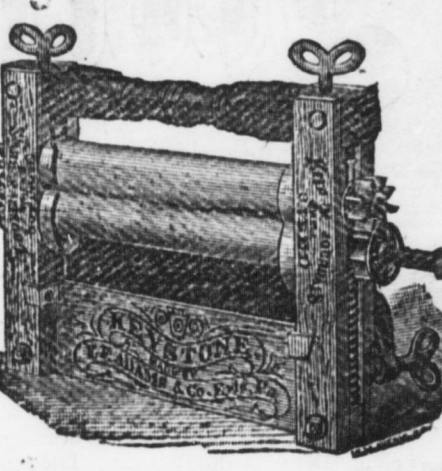
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STEAM POWER Threshers a Specialty. Special sizes of Separators made especially for Steam Power. OUR Unrivalled Steam Thresher Engines, both Portable and Tractor, with Valuable Improvements beyond any other make, and at low prices. THE ENTIRE Threshing Expenses (and often three to five times that amount) can be made by the use of our machines, when once put on the ground. GRAIN Raisers will not submit to the enormous waste of Grain and the inferior work done by all other machines, when once put on the ground. NOT Only Yastly Superior for Wheat, Oats, Barley, Rye, and the grain, but the only Successful Thresher in flux, Timothy, Alfalfa, Clover, and the Seeds. Requires no "attachments" or "rebuiding" to change from Grain to Seeds. IN Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish, and Perfection of Parts, Qualifications of Equipment, etc., our "Vanguard" Threshers Outdo all competitors.

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KEYSTONE WRINGER.



ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE KEYSTONE WRINGER.

VICTORIOUS! HIGHEST & BEST AWARD
And Grand Medal of Honor.
Economy, Durability and Rapidity combined with perfect work, Are Distinguishing Features of the celebrated
Giant Farm and Warehouse Fans,
MADE BY
A. P. DICKEY,
Racine, Wis.

Now having many late improvements, they are fully equal to every demand requiring fine sizes to Grains, Peas, Beans, Castor Beans, Corn and Small Seed. They grade Wheat perfectly by hand sifting. Separate Oats from Wheat, Barley and Rye. They have very perfect arrangements for cleaning Timothy, Clover, Flax Seed, Orchard Grass, and all other Small Seeds. They are perfectly adapted and combine every qualification required to do the best work in the shortest time.

Be sure and send for Catalogue and inquire for the Taylor & Farley CABINET ORGAN, BEFORE PURCHASING ANY ORGAN. NONE SUPERIOR AND BUT FEW EQUAL. NOTHING SMOOZY, AND PRICES LOW. MANUFACTURED AT WORCESTER, MASS.

WILBER'S DIRECT DRAFT EUREKA MOWER, THE CHEAPEST MOWER, THE LARGEST MOWER, THE BEST MOWER IN THE WORLD.

TESTIMONIALS.
The Eureka is superior to any other machine I ever used or ever saw in use.
President of New York Dairyman's Assn.
The cutting of the grass with the Eureka Mower is more even and rapid than after the old-fashioned machine.
President Farmers' Club, Elmira, N. Y.
The Eureka Mower is the very best we ever saw, and there is no other mower that can compare with it in any respect.
V. E. FOLLETT,
State Grange Lecturer, New York, N. Y.
The manner in which it leaves the cut grass, loose and open for the stock to feed on, and the ease with which it can be moved and put away, are its great merits.
Manufactured by EUREKA MOWER CO. Towanda, Bradford County, Pa. Correspondence solicited. Circulars mailed on application.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO., Battle Creek, Mich. ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE "VIBRATOR" THRESHING MACHINERY.

THE MATCHLESS Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, and Money-Saving Threshers of this day and generation. Beware of cheap imitations for Battle Creek, Mich. and for Saving Grain from Waste.

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THE MATCHLESS Grain-Saving, Time-S

Local Department.

—Did you boil your apple-butter?
—Centre County Fair, October 1st, 2nd & 3rd.

—Job work of all kinds done at the JOURNAL Office at prices as cheap as the cheapest.

—W. F. Reeder, Secy., is devoting his whole and untiring energy to the Fair.

—According to present rumors we are to have at least several oyster saloons the coming fall and winter.

—The firm of H. H. Tomlinson & Co. has dissolved. The "Co" retires and Harry will run the shanty as heretofore.

—A festival by the Lutheran S. School of Salona, recently, realized \$98.17, clear of all expenses. That was remarkably good.

—No better entertainment has ever been furnished the citizens of Centre county than that to take place at the annual fair near Bellefonte on October next.

—The twenty-sixth annual convention of the Central Pennsylvania Synod of the Ev. Luth. Church commenced last evening, at New Berlin, Union County.

—Thos. Hosterman and Geo. E. Zehner, administrators, offer the farm of the late Abraham Reber, in Miles township, at public sale. See advertisement in another column.

—To-day the great Granger Picnic on the top of Nittany Mountain commences. Hope it may turn out first class all around and that all present may enjoy themselves fully.

—F. P. Musser's house is up and if coming events cast their shadows before, Pierce is going to have one of the neatest and best houses in town. The carpenters are busy hammering, nailing, chipping, sawing and planing at it for dear life.

—Would it not be a good plan to suspend the several Sunday schools until the chestnut season is over? That would at least give all an equal chance for chestnuts, but whether it would do much good morally we don't pretend to say.

—A new side-walk has been constructed last week in front of Behm's property, on Penn Street, occupied by A. O. Deininger. Don't let the side-walk excitement slacken, as there is lots of room for more.

—Apples—Cider—Apple-butter and bottles to boot it in, are at present on the minds of the people in these diggings. Well, it's a smoky and warm business, and if it is anyway possible, we'll try to be excused from that household duty.

—The Centre County Agricultural Society will have the largest and best fair this fall that has ever been held on its grounds. Frank Chamberlin, Esq., is untiring in his efforts to make the Amusement Department, of which he is superintendent, the most attractive feature of the exhibition.

—Next Friday evening the Rebersburg Select School, taught by that able teacher, C. L. Granly, will close its term by a well selected and promising programme of exercises. If anybody desires to spend an interesting and pleasant evening, we advise them to go and hear their exercises.

—FATAL ACCIDENT.—Saturday morning last, about half-past nine, at Flaig's Brewery on Fairview street, this city, as an elevator containing about a ton of ice, was being lowered into a vault, the rope suspending it broke, and it fell with crushing force upon Gustave Schwarz, the brewer, killing him instantly. —Clinton Democrat.

—Last Thursday evening our town was enlivened by an excellent serenade of our Cornet Band under the leadership of their efficient teacher Prof. Jos. H. Fechner. A splendid selection of new music was discoursed by them, and the boys put it their best ticks, while the Professor's fine solos filled the air with the sweetest melodies. Everybody was out of doors to enjoy the rare feast.

—Judge Dean recently rendered a decision in the courts of Blair county that is of considerable importance. The point decided is that the signature of the maker of a note executed in pencil and afterwards inked over by a third party to preserve the signature is a "material alteration" and is therefore void. This question has never been decided by a Supreme Court, but if it should become law how important it is not to doctor signatures by inking them over. —Levinsburg Journal.

—The following item which we clip from an exchange, relates to a gentleman well known here. Mr. Jonas Dingess is a son of John Dingess, deceased, and brother of Jacob Dingess, of Centre Hall. The sad accident that befalls this family entitles them to the sympathy of all.

BOTH FEET TAKEN OFF.—George Dingess, son of the veteran engineer John Dingess formerly of this city, met with an accident on the Pennsylvania R.R. near Pittsburgh on Wednesday last week, which necessitated the amputation of both feet. Mr. Dingess lost a son by accident on the P. & E. R.R. a few years since. —Clinton Democrat.

—Millheim Lodge No. 955, will have a basket picnic at Penn Cave, Saturday, Oct. 4th. The odds don't propose to be at all selfish but invite everybody, with wife and children, to attend. Provisions will be made to have horses fed on the ground. Come.

235 That is the number of Harris' Standard Millinery and Variety Store, Lewisburg, where you can buy more goods for the same money than anywhere else in five counties. Don't fail to call at Harris' when you go to the Union County Fair.

—JAMES BIRCH, President, G. W. WALLS, Secretary, and C. H. HASSENPLUG, Treasurer, are the gentlemanly and efficient officers of the Agricultural Society of Union County, and they work with a determination and a will to make their annual fair this year the most successful one ever held in Union county.

—Our quill-brother Schoch of the Millheim Telegraph don't seem to be very particular in his local columns about places, names and titles. At one place he has Charlie Sturgis marrying at Spring Mills, which place is 6 miles from Millheim, where the wedding really took place. In another column he gives the father of the bride, Mr. D. A. Musser, the title of an ex-sheriff instead of an ex-treasurer. Well, well, errors will occur in any newspaper, but these are such big ones, that we can't help calling brother Schoch's attention to them.

—Mr. Frank Chamberlin, Esq., has been appointed superintendent of the amusement department, and has already a great feast of entertainment, among which is Glass ball shooting, Archery, Polo, Knights tournament, Hurdle race Sack race, Still race, Greased pig, together with a multiplicity of other games that have never been witnessed before in the state. Mr. Chamberlin is a young man who knows how to get up amusement and the people are well assured of his success.

—The grand pageant on Thursday Oct. 2nd at the Centre County Fair will comprise the two Military Companies, the bands of the County, all the fire companies, College cadets and two hundred young ladies and gentlemen on horseback and this will be further supplemented by the prominent civic organizations.

—The JOURNAL BOOK STORE has just received a nice lot of goods that are sold not only as cheap but cheaper than can be bought anywhere in Penns or Brush Valleys. Fine Family Bibles, Pocket Bibles, Photograph Albums, Autograph Albums, Splendid Paper Boxes, Knitting Cotton, Blank Books, Hymn Books, Java Canvases, Zephyrs, Germantown Wool, Fine Fans, Velvet Photograph Frames, Chromos, Sunday School Reward Cards, Motto Frames, Mottoes, Games, Paper, Ink, Pens and Pencils in great variety, and many other things that cannot here be stated. CALL AND SEE.

For the Journal.

Character vs. Performance.

In heaven arose a fierce dispute Concerning who could farthest shoot. Apollo rose, skilled in the art, And far to westward shot his dart. So far it flew that none could tell, Maugre their sharp sight, where it fell. Then Zeus arose with bow by side, Cleared the whole distance at a stride, And said, "Where shall I shoot? for see, There's no more space now left to me."

The judges were but short time out; Their verdict soon resolves all doubt; And lo! the prize was judged to fall To him who drew no bow at all!

CHARL SCHREIBER.

Rebersburg, Sept. 20th, 1879.

—PERSONAL. Mrs. Rosa J. De-Woodie, of Franklin, Pa., well known in this section as a lady of some literary note, paid our sanctum a visit last week. She reports business brisk out in oildom.

Dr. J. B. Kreider and lady, of Bucyrus, Ohio, whom everybody here knows just like a book, have been here for some time visiting. The Doctor has grown considerably since he left Millheim. Living must be good out there.

Mr. and Mrs. Weidner Roland and Miss Jennie Rank, of Lewisburg, visited at Mr. John Bright's, in Araronsburg, last week. They also visited Penn Cave, returning via Brushvalley, and are much delighted with the cave. They think they will come again.

Rev. John Tomlinson and Mr. A. O. Deininger, are at New Berlin, as pastor and delegate, attending the sessions of the Central Pennsylvania Synod, which commenced on Wednesday evening the 24th.

Jennie S. Bright, of Araronsburg, is in Lewisburg visiting. Hope she may have a happy time.

The tall form of that good fellow, Mr. Cyrus Brumgard, cast its shadow aslant the floor of our little sanctum, one sunny day, last week. Hope Cyrus will show his pleasant countenance often.

Mr. Geo. W. Stover, Jr., who was very sick for some time past, is improving.

Mr. C. A. Sturgis and lady returned from their wedding trip, yesterday. Welcome home.

Mrs. John Gutelius, of Millheimburg, is here on a visit to her sick sister, Mrs. Geo. Mark.

—Mr. R. B. Hartman was compelled to take to his bed yesterday, in consequence of a severe sprain in his back.

—Where are our correspondents this week?

—Sam Usser makes himself a pavement partly out of flag stone and partly of brick. Variety is the spice of life.

—Landlord Billy Musser will please accept our thanks for a "mess" of the finest, fattest, biggest, plumpest and altogether best oysters that ever slipped down a poor country editor's throat. Who will next remember us poor little fellow with something real nice and good?

—ELECTION NOTICE. Millheim Lodge No. 955, I. O. O. F., will hold its semi-annual election next Saturday evening. A full attendance of the members is requested.

R. A. BUMILLER, Secretary.

—Mr. W. R. Henney brought some apples to our office the other day, of the crop of 1878, which are in a good state of preservation and have kept their flavor well. They are of a kind similar to the Pinnoch.

—Gen. Grant arrived at San Francisco on Saturday afternoon. Of course there was ever such a big fuss made over the matter, but the agony is over and the country gives a deep sigh of relief.

BEDS! BEDS!!

To all lovers of good beds, who would have their old feather beds made new, and the new ones much better.

The "Renovators" will stay in Millheim only a few days longer.

Hear what a few of their many patrons say.

We the undersigned, residents of Centre Co., Pa., having employed Messrs. Corbin & Hall to renovate and dress our feather beds, pillows, &c., by the new process of Griswold & Gibson's "Improved Feather Renovator," thereby rendering them clean, sweet and healthy, also much lighter and larger, therefore we most cordially recommend them and their work to all as being what they represent.

W. S. Musser, G. W. Stover, Jr., W. A. Kerlin, J. G. Musser, J. S. Auman, Amos Alexander, J. H. Frank, L. E. Stover, Jacob Stover, W. H. Phillips, Jas. P. Coburn, B. O. Deininger, Jacob Gephart, Elias Lose, C. F. Deininger, W. L. Musser, W. K. Alexander, Dr. P. T. Musser, Jonathan Kremer, Jacob Wolf.

For the Journal.

Mr. Editor:—The Sunday School picnic at Georges Valley church last Saturday, was one of the grandest affairs of its kind ever held in this section of the country. The weather was all that could be desired; the speeches especially the one delivered by Rev. W. E. Fisher, were far above the common average of such efforts—and the tables yet witnessed in these parts. I cannot but make special mention of the table of that price of good fellows, Mr. Samuel Harter, and his estimable lady. Truly, it was fit for a king to sit down to. Mr. Editor, you should have been present. You could have filled your capacious, Lutheran maw with the choicest of the land affords.

There was a large number of people present and the very best feeling prevailed. All seemed to be happy. The best order prevailed, and not an incident happened to mar the entire success of the celebration. The lowering of the old and the raising of the new bell were successfully accomplished. The day will long be remembered by all who were present.

JACKSON.

William Second Son of Col. Eli Slifer, Instantly Killed.

On Monday afternoon William Slifer, second son of Col. Eli Slifer, was instantly killed while quarrying stone, in company with two or three others, on his farm in Kelly Twp., about a mile west of Lewisburg. It appears that they had been undermining in a certain part of the quarry leaving a large quantity of stone and earth to project over. Under this projection Mr. Slifer was working, when, on a sudden, there came down upon him about four tons of this earth and stone, completely burying him, from which he was removed after ten or fifteen minutes' work. On examination it was found that his neck, shoulders and thigh were broken, and his face somewhat disfigured. Mr. Slifer was a hard-working young man, and one held in high esteem by those who knew him. He leaves a widow and five small children to mourn his loss. His age was about 32 years. Funeral from the house in Kelly Twp., on Thursday morning at 10 A. M. —Millheim Telegraph.

News Miscellaneous.

ON THE FLOAT.—William Laughman and Millard Snyder, two young mechanics of Altoona, will leave Pittsburgh in a few days for a trip down the Ohio in a boat twenty feet long and four feet seven inches beam. An engine of one-horse capacity, made by these gentlemen, will furnish the motive power.

A NOVEL WAY TO COLLECT A DEBT.—J. Jacobs, a Bradford merchant, recently ordered a bill of goods from a New York merchant, whom he owed on a previous order. In due time a package arrived per express, marked C. O. D., which, together with charges amounted to \$60.45. Mr. Jacobs paid it, and on opening the package found a lot of rubbish and a receipt for his old bill. He brought suit to recover the amount from the American Express Co., but the case was decided against him.

—The annual Fair of Centre county will be more of a success this year than any heretofore; it occurs on the 1st, 2nd & 3rd of Oct.

Important to Voters.

The next election in Pennsylvania will be held on Tuesday, the 4th of November.

Voters must be assessed two months preceding the election, that is, on or before Thursday, September 4th.

Voters must have paid a state or county tax one month preceding the election, that is, on or before Saturday, October 4th.

Members of Democratic state, county and city committees should see to it that every voter of our party has complied with the law.

Failure to pay tax in season deprives the voter of the privilege of suffrage. An elector can swear in his vote, though he be not assessed, but the neglect may cause him much trouble.

EXAMINATIONS OF TEACHERS FOR 1879.

The examinations of teachers for the schools of Centre county will be held as specified in this announcement: Howard and Curtin, Howard, Thursday, September 25.

Penn and Millheim, Millheim, Saturday, September 27.

Haines, Araronsburg, Monday, September 29.

Miles, Lebersburg, Tuesday, Sept. 30.

A special examination to fill vacancies will be held at the Superintendent's office, Bellefonte, Thursday, October 2nd; but applicants must come recommended by at least four directors of the district in which they intend to teach, and give a reason for not having attended the district examinations.

Applicants must be examined in the districts in which they expect to teach. Examinations, each day, will begin at 9 A. M.; some of the directors should be present in time to make out a list of applicants to be examined.

In compliance with instructions from the school department the standard will be raised, certificates falling below an average of 2.5 will not be issued.

H. MEYER, Co. Supt.

1879 Union County Fair.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, October 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th.

Chief Marshal—A. M. Lawshe. Assistant—Thomas Hubler.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

TROTTERS.

Second Day—1:30 P. M.

Purse No. 1, \$30, for horses under 5 years of age, owned and raised in the county. First, \$15; second, \$10; third, \$5.

2:30 P. M.

Purse No. 2, \$40, open for all horses over 5 years old, owned and kept in the county at least 6 months before the fair. First, \$20; second, \$12; third, \$8.

Third Day.

Purse No. 3, \$100, open to all horses. Not less than four horses to be entered, and not less than three to start in all the above trots, and entrance fees 10 per cent. to be paid of the purse. The above trots are to come off under the Rules and Regulations of the National Association.

All questions respecting the trials of speed shall be determined by the Judges. Entries for speed must be made on or before 10 o'clock on each day of the above stated trots.

Judges—J. R. Fulmer, Dr. L. Rook, W. N. Baker.

1—DRAUGHT & MATCH HORSES.

best pair carriage horses \$5.00
" " " " 3.00
" single driving " 3.00
" pair draft " 5.00
second best pair draft horses 2.00

Judges—Nicholas Lohr, John Stein, J. B. Moore, (Gregg).

2—BLOODED HORSES.

best blooded stallion, having been kept within the limits of the Society one service season \$10.00
" " " " " " 5.00
" blooded breed mare with one or more colts shown 7.00

2nd best blooded colt from 2 to 3 yrs. old 5.00
2d best do do do 3.00
best between 1 and 2 years old 2.00

" sucking colts 1.00
No horse entered in this class will receive a premium unless evidence is shown the judges that it is well bred.

Judges—Col. Eli Slifer, Wm. F. Wilson, L. F. Albright.

3—COMMON HORSES.

best Stallion 4 years old \$6.00
2nd best 3.00
best breeding mare, 1 or more of her colts to be shown 6.00
best 3 years old mare colt 4.00
" 2 do do do 3.00
" 2 do mare do 3.00
" 1 do colt 1.50
" sucking colts 1.50

Judges—A. Frederick, J. F. Schrack, Daniel Rangler.

4—DURHAM, ALDERNY AND DEVON CATTLE.

Durham—best bull \$7.00
best bull calf over 2 years old 3.00
do do do 2.00
best heifer over 2 years old 2.00
do do do 1.00
Alderny—best bull 7.00
best bull calf over 2 years old 3.00
do do do 2.00
best heifer over 2 years old 2.00
do do do 1.00
Devon—best bull 7.00
best bull calf over 2 years old 3.00
do do do 2.00
best heifer over 2 years old 2.00
do do do 1.00

best cow for breeding of either of the above 3 breeds, 1 or more of her calves to be shown 6.00
2nd best Ag. and 2.00
best dairy cow of either of the above 3 breeds, written statement of yield to be rendered 5.00
2d best Ag. and 2.00
Cattle entered in this class must be shown to be of pure blood and of the breed represented.

Judges—Sam'l Dunkle, J. R. Mencl, Valentine Ritter.

Millheim Market.

Wheat No. 1	1.50
Wheat No. 2	1.40
Corb.	40
Rye	23
Oats	22
Barley	23
Flour	5.00
Brn & shorts, per bu.	1.75
Salt, per bu.	1.75
Plaster, ground	45 to 50
Cement, per bushel	1.00
Hay	1.00
Timothy seed	4.00
Flaxseed	11
Cloverseed	12
Butter	6
Eggs	10
Potatoes	10
Land	6
Yellow	5
Dried Apples	4
Dried Peaches	4
Dried Cherries	4

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. D. H. MINGLE, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Main Street, Millheim, Pa.

MILLHEIM BANKING CO., MAIN STREET, Millheim, Centre Co., Pa.

A. WALTER, Cashr. David Krape, Pres.

A. HARTER, AUCTIONEER, Rebersburg, Pa.

W. J. STRAYER, Fashionable Barber, Opposite Stem's Store, MILLHEIM, PA.

ALEXANDER & BOWER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Bellefonte, Pa.

JOHN B. LANN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Bellefonte, Pa.

OFFICE ON ALLEGHENY STREET.

BOOTS & SHOES, B. FRANK KISTER, has just opened a Boot & Shoe Shop, MAIN STREET, near Foot's Store.

DAV. I. BROWN, Manufacturer and Dealer in TINWARE, STOVEPIPES AND TRIMMINGS, SPOUTING & FRUIT CANS.

W. STURGIS, O. MERCHANT TAILOR, ONE DOOR EAST OF THE BANNER STORE, MARKET STREET, LEWISBURG, PA.

GEOPHART & MUSSER, DEALERS IN Grain, Cloverseed, Flour & Feed, Coal, Plaster & Salt.

MILLHEIM, PA. Highest market price paid for all kinds of GRAIN.

COAL, PLASTER & SALT. Always on hand and sold at prices that defy competition. A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE. Is a monthly, 100-page Scrap Book of the cream of the World's Literature. Single copy 25c, or \$2 per year. An Old Chronicle (each issue of "Yosemite Valley," price \$3. "Black Sheep," \$1.50 book in paper binding. "Christian Observer's Magazine," \$1.00 book in paper binding, and a sample copy of "Wood's Household Magazine" all sent post-free for only 25 cents in money, or in one-cent postage stamps. Agents wanted. Address S. S. Wood, Tribune Building, New York City.

THIS PAPER can be found at Geo. P. Kinsell & Co's Newspaper Ad. contracts may be made for IN NEW YORK.

NESBIT BROS.,

Successors to the "East Lewisburg Lumber & Manufacturing Company,"

Manufacturers of

Flooring, Siding, Moulding, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Verandas and all other kinds of Building Materials.

BEING provided with ample facilities, the latest and most improved machinery, and the best mechanical skill, we are prepared to execute all orders promptly, and in the very best manner.

We give special attention to the furnishing of Material for the better grades of

HOUSE BUILDING.

Also, to the manufacture of School, Office and Church Furniture, SUNDAY SCHOOLS, and PRIVATE BOOK CASES. FACTORY—EAST LEWISBURG. NESBIT BROS. N. B.—We can send Materials to Columbia or Spring Mills at cheap freights.

25-ly

G. A. STURGIS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE.

Dr. Oberholzer's Liniment, CAMPHOR MILK, The Phoenix Pectoral.

German Horse and Cow Powder.

THE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

Pennsylvania College, GETTYSBURG, PA.

THE "Term" of the next Collegiate Year will begin SEPTEMBER 1st, 1879.

The Faculty of the Institution is full. The course of instruction is liberal and thorough. The location is most pleasant and healthy. In the midst of an intellectual and moral community, and accessible by Railroad trains, three times a day.

For further information or Catalogues, address M. VALENTINE, D. D., President of College, or PROF. F. M. PHILLIPS, Principal of Prep. Dept. Gettysburg, Pa., July 10, 1879.

Pennsylvania Rail Road.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Div.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, June 29th, 1879, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia 11:55 a. m. Harrisburg 1:15 a. m. Williamsport 8:35 a. m. Jersey Shore 9:07 a. m. Lock Haven 9:30 a. m. Renovo 11:00 a. m.

NIAGARA EXP. leaves Philadelphia 7:35 a. m. Harrisburg 11:45 a. m. Williamsport 12:10 p. m. Lock Haven 3:35 p. m. Renovo 5:25 p. m.

FAST LINE leaves Philadelphia 7:15 a. m. Harrisburg 11:35 a. m. Williamsport 12:05 p. m. Lock Haven 3:15 p. m. Renovo 5:05 p. m.

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The Mosquito—An Unscientific Study.

Now comes the mosquito. Not that the mosquito confines his visits to the late summer and autumn by any means, for, like the bee, we have him always with us, or nearly always; but it is about this time that he begins to take himself seriously, to insist upon himself, to labor and to prey, but not to wait by any means.

There are some curious and interesting points about the mosquito, and now that we must give him some measure of attention whether we wish to do so or not, it is well to get some entertainment out of him. He gets a good deal out of us.

There are a good many kinds of him for one thing—genera or species, as the reader may please—some of them active by day others by night, and some of any body may discover for himself, though the scientific books neglect to mention the fact—ready, like the lower class of restaurants, for "meals at all hours of the day or night."

The most curious thing about a mosquito is that he is found in some places, and not in others where the conditions are apparently precisely the same. There are places where mosquitoes swarm, while in others near at hand and similarly situated not a mosquito ever presents a bill. The reason for this nobody knows.

Another thing about the mosquito that nobody knows is how he buzzes. That is his secret, and as yet he has not revealed it to anybody. Entomologists have questioned him on this point to no purpose. They have dissected him, separated each of his muscles from its fellows; they have studied him sitting still, flying and walking, and have observed him in the act of blood-sucking; they have examined the structure of his wings, and learned that his stroke is fifty to the second; but they have never discovered how or why he buzzes. They have many pretty theories on the subject, but have agreed among themselves upon no settled doctrine.

The mosquito is a graceful fellow in all he does, and if he would sleep of nights would not be an unpleasant companion, but for his bite. We should say his bite for it is only the female that bites, a fact which every reader will argue that mosquitoes must be polygamists, with many thousands of wives apiece, for one very rarely finds the mosquito that does not bite. He is rarer than the man who does not smoke or the woman whose shoes are awfully too small by half a size.

Why does the mosquito bite? That is another secret. It is pretty certain that she has no occasion to bite. Vegetables, juices and sweets are her natural food, and it is now doubted whether or not she really needs any food at all. To test this question a Tennessee entomologist believing that arrangements for scaling the state debt were in a satisfactory state of advancement devoted his spare time a few years ago to the making of experiments. He imprisoned several mosquitoes under bell glasses and kept them there without food during the whole term of their natural lives, and he testified that they remained healthy, active and vigorous, without perceptibly losing flesh, until the advent of cold weather put an end to them and the experiment at once. Their blood-thirst, therefore, seems to be purely malicious, and not at all a part of their struggle for existence.

An ingenious apologist for the mosquito attempted a few years ago to set up a defense for her, which, if it had been true, would not only have excused her, but would have justified her also, in the use of her lancets. He declared that Mrs. Mosquito is a female practitioner; that she lives in malarious regions and punctures skin there, partly to drive men away from pestiferous spots and partly to counteract the poison of the mosquitoes by the administration of an antidote; in a word this apologist held that Mrs. Mosquito bites not for the purpose of sucking blood but to administer minute doses of quinine by subcutaneous injection. If this fact could be proved, we should have in the mosquito the most efficient of physicians—one who uses the old school lancet, but gives homeopathic doses.

How the mosquito bites is much better known than why she bites. She carries six little lancets inside her proboscis, and with these she punctures the skin, making a hole so small that the blood cannot flow through it except under pressure, and through this she draws what she wants by a sort of special suction-pump stomach which is distinct from her stomach proper. The inflammation and irritation which follow the bite are due not so much to the puncturing of the skin as to the acid saliva which flows into the wound. This irritation is sometimes so great as to produce fever, a fact from which it appears that, if the mosquito is really a physician, she adheres to the homoeopathic doctrine that like cures like, a doctrine which has been followed out to its logical end in cases where men, having broken their heads by falling down a flight of stairs, need to be thrown down a flight by way of repairing the injury. Perhaps this is a misinterpretation of the doctrine, and at any rate has nothing to do with mosquitoes, whose heads cannot be broken in any such way.

The usual remedy for mosquitoes is to slap one's self violently. It does not hurt the mosquito, but it braces the sufferer up and teaches him to endure pain.

Wasn't to be Taken In.

There was a strapping big young fellow from the interior at the foot of Woodward avenue to see the shipping. Several boat-brokers had tackled him for a job in vain, and they finally got together behind some bunches of shingles, and went into a committee of the whole to concoct a scheme for revenge. As a result an innocent-looking shiner sidled up to the stranger and said:

"See here, Johnnie, I've made a bet with the boys."

"Well, I don't know," was the cold-headed answer.

"I've made a bet that I can shine one of them shoes of your'n in less'n than four minutes," continued the boy. "The bet is a quarter, and I know you'll give me a chance to win it. Just stick out yer foot here, and the job won't cost yer a cent."

The stranger slowly consented, and held his watch to time the work. The lad worked fast, and had a good polish on the shoe in about three minutes. When through he rose up and away his brushes, and the stranger found himself in just the fix the boys had planned. They expected an offer to complete the job, but it did not come. After a moment devoted to thought the young man descended to the Harbor-Master's boat, reaching out his leg for the water, and "souse" went the shiny shoe below the surface.

"I reckon," said the stranger as he pulled in his leg and let half a gallon of water run out his shoe,—"I reckon you boys think you're smart, but none of our family ever mistook saleratus for saleratus, and I didn't come to town to have my hair cut with a buzz-saw."

Sour Grapes.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society, of New York, continues to increase its business in consequence of its new form of incontestable policy, in spite of the criticisms of enemies who adhere to castiron technical forms of contract.

AGRICULTURE.

SABLE SHEEP.—There is no profit in black wool and it brings five cents per pound less in the market than white. Some years since, when every rural place had a large flock of these animals, and upon which the matron spun out the material with which the family was clothed, black wool was in demand and filled an important niche in the domestic economy. Now the great factories monopolize that business, and are able to supply the people with yarn and cloth better and cheaper than it can be made at home. To-day there probably is not a yard of cloth manufactured domestically where there were a thousand fifty years ago. The factory produces white wool, which can be dyed to suit their purposes, while it has been found more difficult to control the irregular shading of the black. The preventive against black wool is easy. There is no black blood in sheep, white or black; no pigmentum in the skin of sheep, as in the races, only difference in the outgrowth of wool. A white ewe will more frequently produce a black lamb than a black ewe, and a black ewe will more frequently have a white lamb than a black. Were there black and white blood in the sheep the reverse of this would be true. White and black are not colors, but qualities. White lambs with black wool have white lambs; but only one black sheep with the white flock and there will be many black lambs; mix the black ewes with the white and they will have a majority of white lambs. The inevitable conclusion is that the black blood is not in the wool, but in the animal, and is a distinctive characteristic in the blood, but from the impressions made upon the mind of the mother. She looked upon the black innovator with wonder and stamped the character of her lamb; the black ewe took in the character of her white companions and fixed the destiny of her young. Since, Mr. T. S. Tinsley, of Missouri, writing to *The Rural World*, inquired as to what could be the cause of his having five black lambs in a flock of forty head, which had been bred to Cotswold and "had no black rams there." He mentioned incidentally that there was a black stray wether that took up with his flock. "This accounts for the 'milk' in the cocoanut" and is an illustration of the fact set forth above. Missouri is the home and birthplace of the black sheep, and it is not surprising that sheep there, in lots of from 5 to 100, and when we got through we had 240 black ones. In purchases made of those natives you have to take black ones, grandmothers, grandfathers and the flock together. Over-loaded with black, desperate measures were in order. They were put on strong diet, and as they were ready, a load was shipped to Chicago. "A car-load of black mutton"—the first and only arrival of the kind ever in that market. So rare was it that it was a matter of comment in the local papers. Four and one-half cents per pound sufficed us, and they took them in. The black sheep is a healthy, hardy animal, but the wool being depreciated in the market, they should be avoided, and when on hand, committed to the shambles.

PROTECT THE HORSES FROM THE FLIES.—A cotton sheet will be found a great protection to the horses working in the harvest field. It screens them from the flies, and from dust, and the labor of cleaning them is lessened. As mentioned it will be found desirable, when horses are washed, to use a soft sponge and water in which some carbolic soap has been dissolved. This cools the skin, assists perspiration, removes the strong pungent odor, and greatly refreshes the animals, and drives away flies. Where there is a river near by, a bath in the evening will be agreeable and safe. If the horses are kept in the water only two or three minutes, are driven home at once and removed to the stable, the water may be made of a piece of the scythe, with the edge dulled on the stone; with this the sweat or moisture, after washing, may be easily removed.

THE COW THAT IS FLESHY GIVES MILK THAT IS RICHER IN BUTTER THAN THE COW THAT IS POOR AND THIN. One that has reached her full maturity gives better milk than she did before she reached that age; a cow that is gaining flesh day by day gives richer milk than a cow that is losing it gradually. The condition of the pastures have also much to do with the quality of the production.

Regular feeding, if not generous, is better than food given in excess for a few days, and then stinted, or food given plentifully, but at irregular periods. Animals do not thrive unless perfectly contented, and never permitted to get hungry. The same hours for feeding should be kept, regularly throughout the whole season.

WHEN CATTLE CHEW LEATHER, WOOD, AND OLD BONES IT INDICATES A LACK OF PHOSPHATE OF LIME IN THEIR FOOD, which is required to supply bone material. A dose of Bull's Bone Syrup will give them what their grain will correct the habit and supply the deficiency which induces it.

Phantoms of the Stage.

Three nights before the death of George Frederick Cooke he was playing Richard III., and in the scene where the coffin of the dead king is brought on, the actor started with a fright so intense that the audience rose perfectly thrilled by the look and manner. He declared that he read plainly inscribed on the walnut pall his own name.

Moreover, was so morbidly afraid of a toad that he almost fainted at seeing a caricature of two frogs doing the fencing scene in Hamlet.

Ludie Western had a vision of her sister's death, which she recounted graphically before the death occurred and all the particulars were afterward verified.

One of the most famous managers of the present time is extremely superstitious, and gets in a nervous state for weeks before he brings out a new play. On one occasion he saw a coffin in the flats, caused by the bad work of the scenic artist in letting the moonlight shine through the trees in the shape of a coffin; on another occasion the fall of the old horseshoe that was nailed over the stage door gave him an ominous fright for the future.

The elder Booth and many other great actors believed in those airy forebodings that come in from out the vague and boundless dreamland.

The Products of Indigestion.

In-bi of the stomach to act upon the food is productive of serious and speedy mischief to the entire bodily economy. The result on languages and grows poor; leanness, sallor, and a loss of muscular and organic power supervene and the organs which the functions associated with and depend upon dislocate such evacuation and the secretion of bile, grow irregular, and the organs whose business it is to discharge those functions become badly disordered. This disarrangement is the extreme superfluity, and gets in a nervous state for weeks before he brings out a new play. On one occasion he saw a coffin in the flats, caused by the bad work of the scenic artist in letting the moonlight shine through the trees in the shape of a coffin; on another occasion the fall of the old horseshoe that was nailed over the stage door gave him an ominous fright for the future.

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DOMESTIC.

CAKE.—Before commencing to make cake, be sure that you have all the ingredients in the house, and all the implements at hand, such as trays, bowls, large dishes, large strong iron spoons, egg-beaters, etc. Use none but the best family flour in making cake. It is a good plan to sift it before weighing or measuring it, and to let it air and sun several hours before using it; as this makes it much lighter. It is a great mistake to set sugar in a bowl, or ever clarified sugar in cake making, unless it be for gingerbread. Do not attempt to make cake without fresh eggs. Cream of tartar, soda and yeast powders are poor substitutes for these. A fresh egg placed in water will sink to the bottom. In breaking eggs, do not break them over the bowl, for they are to be beaten. Break them one by one over a saucer, so that, if you come across a defective one, you will not spoil the rest by mixing it with them; whereas, if it is a good one, it will be easy to pour the white from the saucer into the bowl with the rest of the whites, and to add the yolk which you retain in the egg shell to the other yolks.

ENGLISH GINGER BEER.—Two and a quarter pounds of loaf sugar, one ounce of cream of tartar, one and a half ounces of ginger-root, two tablespoonfuls of fresh brewers' yeast, two lemons, and about three gallons of water; bruise the ginger, put it into a large earthenware jar with the sugar and cream of tartar; peel the lemons, squeeze out the juice, strain it, and add, with the peel, to the other ingredients; then pour over them three gallons of boiling water. When it has stood until it is only just warm, add the yeast, stir the contents of the jar, cover with a cloth, and let it remain near the fire for 12 hours. Then skim off the yeast and pour the liquor off into another vessel, taking care not to shake it, so as to leave the sediment; bottle it immediately, cork it tightly; in three or four days it will be fit for use.

CURED DRINKING.—"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor, which had so prostrated him that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed his appetite for drink; took away the craving for it; and he has remained a steady man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups; I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."—From a leading R. R. Official, Chicago, Ills.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—Pour enough boiling water on two cups of meal to wet it thoroughly; then add one-half cup of butter, well beaten with one cup of sugar, 11 like a cream; two well beaten eggs, a little salt, two cups of milk; two tablespoonfuls of molasses, nutmeg and cinnamon to suit the taste; one tea-cup of stoned raisins, slightly chopped; bake slowly three hours. If preferred, use two-thirds of a cup of finely chopped suet instead of butter; instead of raisins, a cup and a half of dried cherries, or suit your taste, or two cups of finely chopped sweet apples instead of any other fruit is excellent.

CRANBERRY JELLY.—Put one quart of cranberries, which have been carefully picked over, in one pint of cold water; have ready in a bowl one pint white sugar; when the cranberries are perfectly soft mash them well through a colander into the bowl which contains the sugar, and stir until the sugar is dissolved; then pour into moulds and set in ice. One pint of water; have ready in a bowl one pint white sugar; when the cranberries are perfectly soft mash them well through a colander into the bowl which contains the sugar, and stir until the sugar is dissolved; then pour into moulds and set in ice. One pint of water; have ready in a bowl one pint white sugar; when the cranberries are perfectly soft mash them well through a colander into the bowl which contains the sugar, and stir until the sugar is dissolved; then pour into moulds and set in ice.

TO BAKE EGGS.—Butter a clean, smooth saucepan, and as many eggs as will be needed into a saucepan, one dish. If found good slip it into the dish. No broken yolk allowed, nor must they crowd so as to risk breaking the yolk after putting in. Put a small piece of butter on each, and sprinkle with pepper and salt, and bake in a well heated oven and bake till the whites are set. If the oven is rightly heated it will take but a few minutes, and is far more delicate than fried eggs.

AN Ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. A dose of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup will prevent the Baby in teething, and prevent it from being attacked by Cholera Infantum, Colic or other diseases with which Babies suffer.

In baking buckwheat and other griddle cakes, a piece of fat bacon as a "greaser" is by many thought to be almost indispensable. Those who are of this opinion will, on trial, soon learn that a turnip divided in two answers the same or a better purpose, as the odor—the most unpleasant part of cake baking—comes from the greaser in contact with the hot iron, whereas with the turnip very little of this is perceptible.

FOR CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Two small cups of sugar, half cup of butter, three eggs, one cup of milk, four ounces of chocolate, three cups of flour, one tablespoonful vanilla extract, one teaspoonful soda, two of cream of tartar; mix the cake first, and when it is well beaten, take the chocolate and stir it in carefully. This makes an excellent egg and sugar cake, and the addition of an extra egg and little more butter will be an improvement to some tastes.

FARMER'S JELLY CAKE.—One cup sour cream, one cup of sugar, one egg, one small teaspoonful of soda; beat the egg and sugar, add the cream, and four enough to make a thick batter. Bake in round tins and spread jelly between.

AMMONIA IS A GOOD REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE. Apply a small bit of cotton saturated in a strong solution of ammonia to the defective tooth, and after a momentary nervous pain, the aching will have ceased.

Two teaspoonfuls of finely-powdered charcoal drank in a half-tumbler of water will often give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by a superabundance of acid in the stomach.

FEET PAINFUL.—If you may use it promptly in all cases of corns, blisters, chafes, cracks, Diarrhoea, Colic, or any Bowel Affection, for which Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills are a sure remedy. At all drug stores, or by mail, for five cents, every family will find it a useful and reliable medicine.

HUMOROUS.

Music has not the same charm for all ears. It is not an art which requires to be cultivated for a correct appreciation of it. There is a spontaneous outburst of natural melody which touches the soul of every created being; but this is not the harmony in which the excellence and delight of the opera consists. The harmony is the production of an artificial combination of sounds founded upon natural principles, but so intricate in their arrangement, and so scientifically accurate, that the individual who has not made the art his special study, or who has not acquired sufficient delicacy of taste by hearing repeatedly the best illustration and examples, is very likely to be disappointed with operatic performances, though thoroughly conversant with the subject to the influence of sweet sounds.

WICKED FOR CLERGYMEN.—"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or quackeries called so beautifully, but when a really meritorious article is made of valuable remedies known to all, that physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters in their good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them." Rev. ———, Washington, D. C.

A REFINED BUTCHER.—Harkins' daughter came home from the butcher shop; she was down on the table, and said: "That's the most refined butcher I ever met. I asked him if his steak was tender, and he said, oh, so beautifully; 'tender as the maiden in the first blush of love; a steak fit to be classed with tender and hallowed associations, and one likely to be flattered at being devoured by so beautiful a maiden.' The old man pushed his glasses up on the top of his head, looked at the girl and thundered: 'What under the canopy was that fellow giving you? And as her color came and she went she replied: 'Giving me taffy, I suppose.'"

NOT GIVEN AWAY.—"Is Charley a very good boy?" said the new minister, as he stroked the golden locks of a bright 10-year-old youth. "Oh! yes," said the fond father pattingly, "he's very good indeed. I know he will grow up to be a credit to his father." "I'm afraid you're a little too long," said the boy. "I was afraid you would give me dead away!"

A LADY REMARKED TO A POPULAR DIVINE that his sermons were a little too long. "Don't you think so?" said she; "just a little?" "Ah! dear madam," replied the divine, "I am afraid you don't like the sincere milk of the Word." "Yes, I do," said she; "but you know the fashion nowadays is condensed milk."

A LADY, A REGULAR SHOPPER, who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the store, objected that none of them were long enough. "I want, said, the longest hose that are made." "Then, madam," was the reply, "you had better apply to the next engine-house."

THERE IS NOTHING IN MODERN DISCOVERY so wonderful and meritorious, as that great labor-saver, Dobbins' Electric Soap, made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia. It tells its own story on the first trial. Ask your grocer for it.

"I AM AFRAID," said a lady to her husband, "that I am going to have a stiff neck." "Not at all improbable, my dear," replied her spouse. "I have seen strong symptoms of it ever since we were married."

THE PLEASANT WAY OF BEING HUNG, says the *Christian Register*, is in a hammock. The whole body is then hung at once. This assertion is as positive as though the writer had tried both ways.

"I WOULD BOX YOUR EARS," said a young lady of Belfast to her stupid and tiresome admirer, "if I—'If' what?" he anxiously asked. "If," she repeated, "I caught you a box larger enough for the purpose."

OUR SYSTEM OF THOUGHT, is often only the history of our heart. Men do not will so much according to their reason, as reason according to their will.

A FRIEND TOLD SNOODGRASS that he was just off a sick bed. "Indeed, And what ails your bed?" asked our friend.

"A PATCH ON THE SEAT OF A BOY'S TROUSERS is something new under the sun." When we were young it was always something old.

WE ARE OFFERING A CHROMO NOW TO THE woman who doesn't think her baby nicer than any other woman's baby.

WHY IS A GIRL WHO IS DRIVEN TO FIERY like a sea captain during a gale? Because she is on the deck.

NO ELDERLY LADY SHOULD BE WITHOUT A sewing machine, for what a feller accompanies each one.

THE HIGHEST MOUNTAINS GIVE THE finest view but give us a little one for ascent.

WHEN A FARMER TAKES A PLEASURE TRIP, why not write him down as an agriculturist?

IF YOUR TONGUE IS COATED OR IF YOU have a bad breath, take a dose of Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills.

WHEN A LOBSTER GETS INTO HOT WATER he turns scarlet with indignation.

A DRAFT WILL BRING ON A COLD, CURE A cold, and pay the doctor's bill.

THERE'S A WIDE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "printing" a kiss and "publishing" it.

POLITICAL AID. If at first you don't succeed, lie, lie again.

THE WASP IS A STEM WINDER.

LOST SEVEN POUNDS IN THREE WEEKS. Allan's Anti-Fat is a genuine medicine, and will reduce corpulence from two to five pounds per week. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless, acting entirely on the food in the stomach, preventing the formation of fat. It is also a positive remedy for indigestion and rheumatism.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 11th, 1878. BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., Buffalo, N. Y.: Gentlemen:—The lady alluded to lost seven pounds in three weeks, by the use of Allan's Anti-Fat. Yours truly, SMITH, WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

A Joyful Announcement.

to suffering millions is the glad tidings that at last a certain cure for cancer has been discovered. 500,000 persons who have used Dr. Silbee's Anæsthesia, pronounce it infallible. Doctors of all medical schools prescribe it in practice, and all medical students know its virtues and its safety. It is not an artificial remedy, but a natural one, and it is not a chemical blunder of inexperience, but the scientific solution of a most difficult problem, by an accomplished physician of 40 years' practice and study. Anæsthesia is a happy combination of a soothing poultice, supporting instrument and curative medicine. It alleviates at once the most excruciating pain; it holds up the raw, sensitive tumors, and by firm, continued pressure and medication applied to the swollen veins is able to cure the most inveterate cancerous blind or bleeding piles. The inventor of "Anæsthesia" may well be regarded as a public benefactor, and sufferers from this terrible disease will thank us for calling attention to the discovery so worthy. It is not less singular that in the circular concerning Anæsthesia, full directions are given for marketing PILES, a fact never before observed in any medicine the proprietors wished to sell. "Anæsthesia" is sold by druggists everywhere. Sent free on receipt of price, \$1.00 per box; samples gratis by J. Neustadter & Co., Box 3846 New York, sole manufacturers of "Anæsthesia."

The Mocking Bird.

This bird possesses faculties which render it one of the great objects of curiosity and admiration among the feathered tribes. Its natural notes are musical and solemn. It likewise possesses the singular power of assuming the tone of other birds and animals. This extraordinary bird is peculiar to the new world, inhabiting warm climates, and low country seems most congenial to the nature; they are more numerous in the South. The berries of red cedar, myrtle, holly, gum-berry, and an abundance of others, with which the luxuriant swampy thickets of these regions abound, furnish them with a perpetual feast. He builds his nest in different places, according to the latitude he resides in. A solitary thornbush, orange, cedar or holly are his favorite spots. Always ready to defend, but never anxious to conceal his nest. During the time the female is setting, neither cat or dog, animal or man can approach the nest without being attacked. His whole vengeance is directed against his natural enemy the black snake; whenever this reptile is discovered, the mate darts at it with the rapidity of an arrow, striking it violently and successfully in the head; the snake soon becomes insensible, and the bird redoubles his exertions, he seizes and lifts it from the ground, beating it with his wings until the business is completed; he returns to his nest and pours out a torrent of song in token of victory. The mocking birds is so called because it can imitate with the greatest ease, not only the songs of other birds, but the sounds and cries of animals. In confinement he loses a little of the power and energy of his song. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog—Cæsar starts up, wags his tail and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a young chicken and the hen runs about with outstretched wings and bristled feathers clucking to protect her brood. The barking of a dog, the mewing of a cat, the creaking of a wheelbarrow, the grating of a grindstone and the rushing of a torrent of water, follow with great truth and rapidity. In regard to food we give the following: Take two old potatoes (never give them new ones), pare and boil them, also boil two good sized eggs, remove them from the shell, mash them fine with the potatoes, then put away in a cool place; give a large spoonful every hour or so, feeding him by hand just as you would an infant. In the month of August or September, a bit of a sweet apple may be occasionally added. A table spoonful of ants' eggs soaked and mixed with the usual food, is very beneficial. In the cage place plenty of river sand, sprinkling it freely on the bottom; also give them plenty of water to drink, and a bath once a day in the morning; never allow the bath tub to remain long in the cage; after the bird has bathed, remove it, as there is probable danger of the bird being drowned.

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